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THE GREEN CALDRON

A Magazine of Freshman Writing



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Studs Lonigan

JAMES O'NEILL

Rhetoric 101, Theme 8

STUDS LONIGAN OF THIS REALISTIC TRILOGY IS A LIVELY, bright lad, healthy and essentially decent. His great misfortune is to be caught in the trap of Irish slum life in Chicago's South Side. In its sordid morass he flounders, struggling between environmental compulsions to vice and the consciousness of sin with which his Catholic parochial school has indoctrinated him. His youth is spent on getting tough, and this he accomplishes in the Fifty-eighth Street poolroom where he spends his days and as much as he dares of his nights from the age of fourteen on. He is tough enough, but with a soft spot in him easily touched by romance and impulses to be healthy and good. His father, an honest building contractor, wants Studs to "get ahead"; his mother hopes he will become a priest. But the odds are insurmountable. Never quite hard-boiled, he never really reforms, never makes even a step toward establishing a character good or bad, or a career that can last. He falls in love with Lucy Scanlon because she is refined and different from the delinquent girls he has known. In this, too, life proves stronger than his intentions.

When Studs is rejected by Lucy because of his affair with a pickup, he reverts to hard drinking. There is a terrifying scene which depicts a drunken New Year's Eve party of Stud's gang at which he is almost incriminated in a rape.

Studs, twenty-nine, is thoroughly licked. He is bewildered by all that has happened to him. He is obsessed with a premonition of early death. After his father is gulled in the Insull stock swindle, Studs seeks escape in the world of radio; he drugs himself with movies, dance halls, and race horses. He tries desperately to save himself. He hopes that the purity of Catherine Banahan will wash him clean of sin. She tries hard to reform him, but it is too late.

So objective is James T. Farrell in his narrative that on rare occasions, when he allows himself to make a comment, the effect is a scratch in a perfect painting; and nowhere in fiction to my knowledge has the sensuality of boys and girls, innocence smeared with desire, lust mixed with brutality, been done with a more skillful and ruthless pen. No history, no report or photographs are necessary; it's all there in *Studs Lonigan*. His subjects are sometimes unbearably brutal, as in the gang sexual enterprises of the poolroom boys, or distressingly sentimental as in the thoughts of the boys. But he has not written this book to attract the reader by lust or general depravity. In my opinion, he has written a naturalistic novel, dealing frankly and honestly with the dirt, disorder, and the viciousness of low-class American life.

The Statue

ANONYMOUS

Rhetoric 102, Theme 13

HIS HEAD WAS ERECT AND HIS EYES WERE STRAIGHT ahead. They were fine eyes, set deep in his face. He stood with feet planted a little apart, the broad Army belt straining across his chest, the pants of his tight-fitting uniform pulling in the sharp folds against the bigness of his calves. His long-visored G.A.R. cap was gripped in his left hand, and his right hand was raised shoulder high in a gesture of response. He was only eighteen when he died in the northern drive on Richmond.

"Bean, his name was," a young man near the monument said. "He was a Brownfield boy. There's always been a family of that name in Brownfield." They had found his name in the town records, the young man said, and a famous sculptor had made the statue in his likeness; and it stood on the granite boulder in the center of the square of what had been the town of Brownfield. There was no town now. The forest fire, sweeping down out of the Maine hills two nights ago on a thirty-five mile wind, had leveled every building for almost a mile. The town was a gray wasteland of cellar holes, chimneys, and twisted metal. The fire had burned across the grass of the village square to the very base of the monument.

"It came too fast," the young man said. "There wasn't anything we could do. I was back of town fighting the fire and the next thing I knew the wind had shifted. I jumped into my car but the flames got here first. People had to leave everything and run."

Only the statue had seen the town burn. The flames, rolling down the street, had lighted his bronze face and had thrown a monstrous shadow across the reddening walls of the church. For a timeless moment he had stood alone with feet planted solidly and with head erect, watching the fire come, his right hand raised as if to shield his face from the heat.

"Nobody saved anything . . . There wasn't time," the young man said. He was wearing old army pants and a pair of soot-blackened old army boots; evidently they were the same clothes he had worn during the fire. "I never saw my house. I came back the next day and saw where it had been."

"Where are you going to live now?"

"Where?" the young man said, looking up in surprise. "Why, here; they're shipping in sixty prefab-houses next week," he said, "and we're setting up a portable sawmill. There's a lot of burned timber we can use for two-by-fours. Of course, some people are moving away, but a lot of people like to live here in Brownfield." No doubt he felt that didn't quite express what he meant, for he groped a moment and then raised his right hand shoulder high in a gesture toward the statue. "Only the houses are gone," he said, "Brownfield's still here."

Autobiographical Sketch

ALEX CHAMBERS

Rhetoric 101, Theme 4

A TWENTY-FIVE YEAR OLD COLLEGE FRESHMAN MIGHT understandably feel some need to defend his seemingly awkward position; he is, after all, some seven or eight years older than the majority of his classmates. He may be a veteran . . . but the war has been over for a long time now, and the second "lost generation" is supposed to have found its way. The instructor finds that his charges no longer have graying hair—that he once again possesses that seniority which lends weight to his words. The incoming freshmen are once again fresh—and young. Who then are the tardy ones?

The answers I might give to the question are, of course, my own reasons for being here and as such are of a highly subjective nature; they constitute in fact an autobiography.

Among certain classes of people, higher education is considered commonplace. Often a secondary school and a college are selected at the same time—for example, an infant may be registered at both Groton and Harvard soon after his birth, or a young man may enroll at a school which has been attended by the five preceding generations of his family. These are extreme cases, but there does exist a substantial segment of our population which simply assumes that its children will attend a college, and the children seem prone to accept this pattern.

The people among whom I grew up present a strong contrast. Here the accepted practice is to attend a secondary school for the time prescribed by law, usually until the seventeenth year. Then one acquires a steady, secure position which has preferably the promise of a pension although the emphasis is on its steadiness. This way of behaving does not have a positive sanction; rather, alternative programs simply are not considered. It was in this social matrix that I became aware of a world outside myself—a world transplanted into understandable terms by parents and the parish school.

The treatment of deviants in such a community is kindly but inflexible; one is gently disengaged from the workings of the process and is given to know that diligent efforts to learn what is proper will be rewarded with full membership in the clan. I remember with what sorrow I discovered that I had not been an apt pupil—that I had not been accepted fully. It seems that, although I had been respectably inattentive in school and had at the proper time apprenticed myself to an ironworker, I was given to the reading of books and had once been seen entering the public library. So it happened that I existed on the fringe of the group until the war gave me a decent excuse for leaving it completely.

It was in the army that I came in contact with people of diverse backgrounds. My own kind were rare—we are such anachronisms—and I had to seek friends or be lonely. Through a combination of circumstances (assignment to a technical school and a relatively permanent base), I was given the time and the stimulus to reflect on some of my basic assumptions. Some of the men I knew had been to college, and since they weren't doctors or engineers, I was curious to know how they justified the waste of time and money that a liberal education represented to me. I was led by them to the realization that my marginal status in the home community was because of a tendency toward reflection and an affection for a life of the mind which I had carefully denied. Their position was shown to be not indefensible but quite in the order of things. I was frightened and, of course, resented the unpleasant turn things had taken; my family and friends at home were being attacked and they seemed very dear to me. I was grateful when the war ended and I was allowed to return to them. I would have done better to remain within the comfortable routine of the army.

As a returned veteran, I was forgiven my youthful transgressions and was given a seat with my peers at the neighborhood bar. In the resultant glow I forgot my doubts, resumed my ironmongering, and drank my beer like a little gentleman. The fog lasted for all of three years. When it lifted, the consequent dislocations were greater than before. I had begun to question the worth of our habits again, and the expressions of hurt, betrayed confidences from my comrades indicated that I could no longer be excused as an inexperienced youth. It seemed to me that some of our veterans' organizations were not too unlike the Nazi Youth Movement, dedicated, as they were, to keeping our neighborhood free of 'inferior' ethnic groups. Violence was a necessary ingredient of these enterprises, and when I protested—loudly and often, as is the case with a newly-awakened zealot—the separation was complete.

If I am forced to doubt, it would seem logical to take myself to that place where doubt is reconciled or at least made bearable. The hermitage is not practicable and the university is the only other place I know. I recognize that the choice is irremediable, and I have accepted the knowledge that I cannot go back. I think that a serious effort on my part to learn what our society at large is like will result in a better understanding and greater and greater flexibility in adjusting to its demands.

Truth is sweet. It is carried on the honeyed wings of the bee. It is accumulated in small parts, taken to the hive and stored. It is taken from the heart of the fragrant flower—experience—whose end is tragic but whose purpose has been fulfilled. And thus truth is sought out and taken to the honeyed hive of knowledge, where it is used by those who dare seek out this hive and risk the bees. It is not gained without risk, for the honeyed bearers can sting. Some reach it and drink deeply, taking a plentiful supply and giving generously to those who ask for it. Once truth is tasted, there develops a craving that will not cease. This is good.—Bob Orto, 101

Inside Hines, V. A.

JOHN LEEDOM

Rhetoric 101, Theme 12

AS MY SENIOR YEAR IN HIGH SCHOOL DREW TO A CLOSE, I was faced with the unpleasant realization that I would have to find a summer job so that when college began in the fall I would have a few dollars for fees, books, etc. Although hard physical labor was (and is) extremely repugnant to me, I was about to seek employment cutting weeds for the Texas Oil Company when the principal of my high school received a letter from the personnel division of the Hines Veterans' Hospital. This letter stated that male high school students were wanted to work as hospital attendants for the summer. Knowing that I was planning to begin pre-medical work in the fall, the principal contacted me and gave me the letter.

Acting upon the information given in the letter, I hopped into the family automobile and set out for Chicago and Hines Hospital. My first sight of Hines absolutely dumbfounded me. I had expected a large hospital—possibly a large structure several stories in height—but what met my gaze was not a single building but a large reservation. Single-story buildings, interconnected by covered passageways, seemed to sprawl indiscriminately over one hundred acres of ground. The whole reservation was enclosed by a high wire fence, pierced here and there by guarded gates.

After passing the guard at the gate and driving all over the reservation, I finally located the personnel building. I spent the next four hours filling out forms in triplicate. The government acquired a complete record of all my activities since infancy. The Veterans' Administration is cognizant of my shoe size, the number and magnitude of my love affairs, and the number of calories of food that I ordinarily consume daily. The life history finished, I had to sign the most important paper of all, the "Loyalty Oath". I swore by all that is holy that I was not, and had never been, a member of any subversive organization.

My mental and moral fitness for the job assured, there remained only the physical examination to be hurdled. I was pinched, thumped, auscultated, x-rayed, and analyzed. To my surprise, I was found to be disgustingly normal. Injections for tuberculosis, smallpox, tetanus, and typhoid climaxed the physical examination. Clutching my aching arms, I staggered off for home, rejoicing in the knowledge that I had made the grade—I was officially a hospital attendant at Hines.

The next two weeks were busy ones. During the mornings I worked on the ward washing beds, giving bed baths, and getting acquainted with hospital routine. I became accustomed to the sights, sounds, and smells of a large hospital—the clean tangy scent of antiseptics and the sweet sickly odor of ether; the sight of the morgue attendants wheeling one of the patients who had received

an "unconditional discharge"; the irresponsible babbling of a patient just coming out from under an anaesthetic. Afternoons were spent in theory class learning the proper way to give bed baths, the proper psychological approach to a patient, and how to avoid catching infectious diseases.

From the viewpoint of a prospective medical student, I was assigned to a very interesting ward during my training period, Ward 42, neuro-surgery. While I was on Ward 42, I saw for the first time oxygen tents in operation, the effects of anaesthetics, and some of the techniques used in caring for operative wounds. While on Ward 42, I learned for the first time the meaning of "guts."

A patient was brought in from surgery. He had lain upon the operating table for four hours while surgeons picked shrapnel from the lower part of his spine. I was assigned to watch him while he came out of the ether. Upon going into his room and getting a close look at him, I was surprised to see that he appeared very young. A glance at the card at the foot of his bed told me that he was but eighteen years old. His first words upon awakening were, "Where's the shrapnel the doctors picked out of my back? I want to keep it for a souvenir." Poets babble about courage, but for sheer unadulterated "guts" one would have to travel far to find a person who could surpass this eighteen-year-old boy as he lay on a hospital bed, his spine shattered, existence in a wheel chair his best prospect for the future, his pain-wracked body reeking with the stench of gangrene, but who could still smile and ask for a souvenir.

When my two weeks' training period ended, I was transferred to Ward 54, medical neurology. My main duty there was specializing four patients in what was referred to as the "lung room." The "lung" referred to "iron lung." The four patients were all victims of bulbar poliomyelitis. They were all young men, and all of them lived in respirators at least part of the time. Tony, Wally, and Glenn slept in portable "lungs" during the night, and Danny was unable to breathe at all without the aid of a respirator. My duties consisted of feeding the boys, taking them out of the "lungs" for baths, and watching the "lungs" to see that they were functioning properly.

Toward the end of the summer, Danny became critically ill from a kidney complication, and the doctors gave up hope for his recovery. He was moved ("iron lung" and all) into a private room. For two days he was kept alive by blood transfusions, intravenous feeding, oxygen, and the Waggenstein apparatus for removing fluids from the digestive tract. At the end of the second day it was evident that there was absolutely no hope. Late in the afternoon Danny asked for the Chaplain. The Chaplain came and brought with him a male quartette who sang hymns to bedfast patients. The singing had a strange effect upon Danny. He said the singing obliterated his pain, but when the singing stopped, the pain returned. The men continued singing until Danny slipped smilingly into a coma from which he never awakened. Did the hymn singing activate some supernatural agent which destroyed the pain, or was the relief purely psychological? Danny had no doubts.

Thus passed the summer—bed baths, bed pans, death, pain, and new hope. That summer provided experiences which I shall never forget. Working in a hospital reaffirmed my desire to be a physician. My experiences taught me more about the potentialities of the human personality than I had even dreamed of before. My sense of values broadened, and I learned once and for all that though man is an animal he has a peculiar dignity that is inherent in his species alone.

These experiences are of primary interest to any pre-medical student for the practical knowledge they give him about his future profession. A theologian would find life as a hospital attendant a moving spiritual experience. Any normal human being can greatly broaden and enrich himself by a summer "Inside Hines, V. A."

"Test Case" for America

MARJORIE OPLATKA

Rhetoric 101, Theme 11

ONE OF MY HISTORY PROFESSORS HAS SAID THAT THE French mobs storming the Bastille were incited to action partly by the 90 degree heat of that fateful July 14, 1789. Perhaps the temperature had something to do with exciting "homeloving American citizens" to violence in the Chicago suburb of Cicero on July 14, 1951.

Early in June, Harvey Clark, a Negro war veteran, and his family had attempted to occupy an apartment in Cicero's residential section but had been restrained by Cicero police. In July Clark returned with a court injunction ordering the police to protect him. As he made a second attempt to move into his apartment, he was again threatened that there would be violence if he proceeded. Harvey Clark started to move in anyway, but, soon realizing that the police were not going to provide adequate protection, he deposited his family belongings in his new "home" and departed on Tuesday. By Wednesday morning, July 11, crowds were milling around the apartment house and haranguing the police.

Teen-age hoodlums marched into the Clark's unoccupied apartment Wednesday afternoon and, goaded on by cries and cheers of adult onlookers, began throwing furniture out of the windows. "Can anyone play the piano?" called out one of the boys, and the Clark's piano was heaved onto the street. The police, with little enthusiasm, chased the boys out of the building and ordered the crowds to "step back across the street," for they had overflowed the empty lot across from the building, were trampling lawns of nearby residences, breaking windows, and starting fires in the yards.

By Thursday night the building was nearly ruined, all streets in the area were jammed with cars and "sightseers," and the mob had reassembled and numbered at that time about 4000. Laughing and shouting, they threw bricks,

flares, and fire crackers, and again and again they attacked the building until Illinois National Guardsmen, called by the county-sheriff and the governor, drove them off with bayonets.

The climax over, the guardsmen firmly held their ground, and by Friday, the crowd had dispersed leaving only a few hundred. One hundred and eighteen persons had been arrested and a number of citizens and guards seriously wounded. Cicero settled back smugly: the Clarks couldn't move in now, and the riot would be a forewarning to any other Negro family that might have had similar intentions. The mob spirit died down in a few days, but I have found that the townspeople's prejudices are still being perpetuated, and the apartment house, now completely tenantless, is still boarded up.

I have seen other mobs: pickets guarding a closed factory; the "Loop" Christmas shopping crowds; wildly enthusiastic football fans. The Cicero race-riot mob was a combination of these, for the rioters possessed the "self-righteousness" of the picketers, the doggedness of the Christmas shoppers, and the greatly aroused spirit of fans vicariously enjoying a sports spectacle.

Do middle-class Caucasians living "quiet, routine" lives normally become hate-mongers and members of lynch mobs when confronted with the possibility of receiving Negroes into their communities?

I can answer this question only by describing the attitudes of the residents in this particular area and by suggesting the importance of the outside forces—the pro-riot publicity provided by the local newspaper and "civic" organizations, a group called the White Circle League, and gangs of Chicago hoodlums that the Guard finally dispersed. I take particular interest in the Cicero case because many of the rioters were my schoolmates and neighbors, people with whom I was in closest daily contact.

Ciceronians are, for the most part, hardworking, industrial laborers or shopkeepers who came from immigrant families or who are immigrants themselves, and who settled in the "west side" of Chicago just before the depression. They are home-owners whose primary purpose in existence appears to be the upkeep and improvement of their homes and the "security" for their families which they feel the restricted community provides. The typical attitude towards the Clark family is expressed in one of the letters published in the local paper at the time of the riot:

"To the Editor:

The people of Cicero and Berwyn built up their respective towns when the land was just prairies and woods. They have worked hard to build the kind of community they have today. These same people have lived here in bungalows and flats for 10, 20, 30 years, built their homes, paid for them and have kept them in the best condition which we are mighty proud of.

Now these same people are protesting against a Negro family that intends to intrude on this peaceful community. The colored race has no respect for the hard work, effort or neatness we have put into our town. It is evident that when the colored move into a section the valuation drops on all surrounding homes that the white people worked so hard to pay for and keep.

And what happens when the colored move? You know, I know, everyone knows. The home, the section are ruined because they don't know the first thing about living as clean, wholesome Americans.

Yes, we believe in the Constitutional rights, but who established these rights? Who fought for them back in George Washington's days?

How about the government, state, and county doing something to protect us whites from losing the value on our lives and homes. Our homes have been our whole lives.

Please give a little thought and kind consideration. We are not bums, hoodlums, or mobsters. We are just average hard working Americans trying to keep and save our inalienable rights."

This letter was written by a girl who had been an outstanding student in her high school graduating class and whose parents are active in city affairs. But the letter is also typical of the propoganda arguments in circulars distributed throughout the neighborhood, circulars which bore the slogan of the White Circle League "Go, go, go . . ."

"What can be done to counteract such prejudices?" I asked some of my former high school teachers, who would be faced with tremendous classroom problems if the Negroes should succeed in establishing themselves in the community. "Why doesn't the school do something?" I had appealed to the advisor of the student newspaper. I was told that the problem was being considered and that perhaps in the following fall semester there would be a program, to be conducted by the student government on libraries, for promoting better race-relations. Perhaps, but judging by the tone of voice, the lack of concern on the part of those who had opposed the violence once the riot itself was over, I realized that, beyond teaching the literary significance and historical glamor of the writings of Paine, Rousseau, and Lincoln, even the school did not "care" about the racial intolerance practiced by its students.

On the Sunday following the arrival of the troops, the "quiet, middle-class" Ciceronians went to their respective churches to hear quiet, comforting sermons on love of God and "brotherhood." "Does a blind man care what color his neighbor is?" Evidently the "self-righteous" attitude expressed in the letter overshadowed any feeling of remorse which the sermons might have provoked. Anyone could profess brotherhood until a new situation developed.

It has been said that Clark's was a "test case" sponsored by the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. If this is so, then the test has proved two things: first, that the people of Cicero and other suburban communities are not ready to accept the facts that deplorable housing conditions in Chicago are forcing Negro families to look for homes in the surrounding communities, and that these families do have the constitutional right to establish homes where they wish; second, that before the Negro can hope to settle peacefully in such communities as that which Cicero typifies, there is "a great deal of work to be done."

Will there be another "Cicero case"? There has already been an "Oak Park case," a "Peoria Street case," and hundreds of unpublicized "cases" in

the South. I cannot profess to know of a specific solution to this problem, but I feel that it should be a major concern of the schools and churches to educate parents and children alike on developing not just "tolerance" but understanding and admiration for both the cultures and individuals of other races.

What about such organizations as the White Circle League and other "little Ku Klux Klans"? What can be done *now* about a police department that will not grant protection to its Negro citizens? I repeat, there is a great deal of work to be done.

The World's Hair is Turning Gray

VIRGINIA N. McMANUS

Rhetoric 101, Final Examination Theme

IN THE LAST, DRAGGING DAYS OF WORLD WAR II, SOMEWHERE between the German surrender and the glorious V-J day, a great wave of optimism swept over the country. The magazines and newspapers began to run colored features of fantastic machines and streamlined cars that were to be a part of our lives in the post-war world. No wonder we licked our chops over the great future promised us. We had been driving stubby and now very shabby cars long enough, and gas rationing and a scarcity of tires hampered us even then. We could not even toss a tin can in the trash or pour out a drop of grease without a pang of grief. Uncle Sam's accusing finger pointed from the poster *right at us*, and our lives had become quite dull with scrimping and conserving. Now we would reap our reward for the good job we had done; like trusting children we waited for the surprises and miracles of the post-war era to be unveiled.

The V-J day celebration was caused by the frenzied excitement of people who felt their burdens lifted from them. The miracle of world peace seemed to extend to each individual's life. The dragon had been slain, right had prevailed, and goodness had triumphed. The evil people and the evil things of the world had been extinguished. Only America and the allies remained, strong and clean-cut, chins up and ready to rebuild the world. When some quipster remarked he wanted to stick around and just see this brave new world with all the same old people in it, his irony was ignored. After all, happy days were here again!

And then came the blow. The job of building peace was found to be grueling and tedious and bitter. Rose bushes did not spring up to cover the war-scarred battle fields; the market was not flooded with all the items we had wanted for so long. All the men couldn't come home as we had imagined then. We had inherited a frightening responsibility along with our glory. The veterans' hospitals were still clogged with those who were destined to

become permanent wards of the country, unsung and forgotten heroes. Among the Allies, the peace-loving and the chosen people, there had sprung up differences reminiscent of pre-World War II days.

And the struggle went on. We found we had not abolished evil and wrong, either in ourselves or the conquered. The world had not changed because the people had not changed. The only difference was that we were being forced to grow up, to face reality, to accept the truth. The world was deprived of the "Era of Wonderful Nonsense" we had learned to expect after a blood conflict. It was a bitter pill, and it is not sugar-coated yet. The world has grown grim, and it has resorted to prevention rather than oblivion followed by a drastic cure. And even the optimists are discovering the true meaning of their favorite word. Look in any dictionary. Utopia means simply—nowhere!

Polio and I

BRUCE ALDENIFER

Rhetoric 101, Theme 11

IT WAS JUST A SMALL FAMILY—A MOTHER, A BROTHER, a father, and a sister. It was a loving, understanding family, composed of four everyday people, doing everyday things. It was my family.

It was a small country town, with bustling activity for the ones who knew how to live there, but it was backward and dull for the ones who didn't. I had learned to live there, and it was the town I loved. In it were people—strange people, quiet people, intelligent people, and simple people. From this variety of people, I had chosen my friends. Such was my life, my home, and my surroundings.

How could one life change as much as mine has without changing these surroundings? All of these things remaining equal, what force could grasp a life, wrestle with it briefly, change it completely and then leave the individual facing a new path with a great obstacle to overcome. At the end of this path there is a new life with a future to face, a future filled with things that have struck me. It struck me in the face, bluntly, with no warning, and struck so, that for me it will never be erased. It struck my family and my friends, leaving a deep mark not to be easily forgotten.

The beginning of this phase of my life was characterized by a painful backache and a stiff neck. Not to be side tracked from my summer plans, I continued on until I could drag no farther. Finally, I told my mother, and she took me to the hospital for the fateful spinal tap. After the doctor left my room with the revealing tube of fluid, mother and I waited for the verdict. The minutes seemed like hours. At the time, I scoffed—polio?—not I. Mother just sat. The doctor returned and I received the verdict passively,

not knowing what lay ahead. Mother received it quietly, knowing that her only daughter had a new life to face and wondering how she could help.

In a relatively few days, I was put in an iron lung, commonly called the big green worm by us polios, and the days of hell began—days represented by gasping breaths, a worried family, serious doctors, and scurrying nurses; days that now are hard to remember because of my semi-conscious state at that time. Now it seems like a fight to maintain a life against a force that fought hard to abolish it. Several people were featured in this fight. Nurses, doctors, and parents fought by my side, and family, friends, and brother fought away from my side. I had no part to play then; I just lay and responded involuntarily to the lung's ceaseless wish-whoosh-whish-whoosh as it inhaled and exhaled for me. The lung and its maintenance crew were my life then, and without them I would not be.

After three weeks, I was separated at intervals from my big, green companion and finally was completely weaned from it after another week. Now my share of the battle began; I had to regenerate useless muscles as best I could. My mental state retarded my progress for five months. I was in a constant state of resentment, tears and nausea, all of which were largely psychological. Each day I slipped farther down until I was practically skin and bones. My parents were heartbroken. Dad came to feed me three times a day, trying his utmost to force food down me but to no avail. My doctors tried everything in the way of science to help me, and my nurses went berserk trying to think of something to snap me out of the deep rut I was in. My physical therapist had me scared of any treatment she forced on me, because of the pain it caused in stretching my sore muscles. After all of the things these people did failed to help me, the doctors sent me to St. Francis Hospital in Peoria, a hundred and fifty miles from home.

All of the darkness of previous months was wiped away, and I was confronted with a new hate. The hate was not only directed at my paralysis but at my new surrounding of bustling hub-bub, caused by nurses wheeling polios back and forth to treatments, schoolteachers conducting classes in bed, doctors making rounds, and occupational therapists helping the polios in handicrafts. I isolated myself from all of this, lying deep in my bed, buried with thoughts of my once-happy days, and of my family and friends so far away. After a period of having no loving affection or friendly attention, I gradually wove myself into the intricate pattern of rehabilitation in a hospital. Now I realize why the doctors had moved me away from home; they knew it was the only thing left to do. Of course, it was the most difficult thing for me, but now I appreciate it. Then, I resented it.

Every day was filled with new accomplishments. Little things like washing my hair, putting on real clothes, writing letters, and beginning my schoolwork made me feel alive again. My braces arrived and I was so proud of them. I took my first steps and I was bursting with joy. That was my peak of successfully mastering my disability. Then I had found things I

could do, and in that glory I forgot the things I could not do. Now I am used to the things I can do and strive for the things I can't master yet.

Volumes are needed for me to describe the life I led in Peoria. Every minute, every hour, and every day was crammed full of things that played a major part in my rehabilitation. Gradually, I became well enough adjusted to my handicap to go home. After waiting for this day for so long, I was afraid—afraid to face my family and friends in a wheelchair or on crutches. It was a major adjustment, and it took a long time to adjust to leading a life with able-bodied people. I say I am adjusted but inside of me I am not. I will never be satisfied until the day comes when I can discard my polio and its appliances and step into the world to begin where I left off.

Why We Must Fight in Korea

JAMES WYMER

Rhetoric 102, Theme 2

THAT WE MUST FIGHT IN KOREA IS PROVED BY ANY HISTORY book. In the late thirties, Hitler invaded Austria and Czechoslovakia; he would not have been powerful enough at that time to succeed in conquering either country if his armies had been opposed by the major powers of the world, but he bluffed and scared the rest of the world into letting him succeed in his conquests. The Communists, in 1950, tried the same type of bluff-scare invasion in Korea, but this time the world rallied to defend the small democracy which was attacked. The fight in Korea proves that the U. N. can draw the line beyond which it will not let aggressor nations go; the League of Nations was unable to decide when and where it should stop aggressor nations, and thus it was a failure.

Another reason why we must fight can be readily seen by looking at a map of Asia. If the Communists controlled the Korean peninsula, they would be able to outflank our forces in Japan. They could accomplish their northern flanking movement from Sakhalin and their southern flanking movement from Korea. A parachute force could be sent from Vladivostok to central Japan; this force would split our army in Japan into two parts, and Japan would then fall to the Communists. However, if the Communists' southern flank is constantly being threatened, they will not be able to take Japan.

Our small army in Korea is keeping the Fourth Chinese People's Army and elements of the First and Third Chinese People's Armies occupied in Korea. In spite of what many people think, the Chinese armies are not unlimited; most of the Third Army is used to protect the Chinese coastal areas, and a great many soldiers must be used to keep the Chinese people under Communistic rule. It is quite possible that, if it were not for Korea,

the Chinese armies would now be invading many other countries in Asia, such as French Indo-China, Siam, Burma, and India. The armies of a dictatorship must always be on the move against someone or something.

Also, our action in Korea has saved a democratic country, and, although South Korea is not a very big country, neither was Austria; when Austria fell to the Germans in 1938, Europe fell with her, and if South Korea had fallen to the Communists, I have no doubt that Asia would have fallen with her. Aggressor nations usually pick on small countries first, then middle-sized countries, and last of all large countries.

The Korean fighting made this country aware of the danger of Communism; now we are rearming rapidly, and the danger of another World War is somewhat less great than before 1950. America's defense industries have been reactivated, and we are not in danger of being caught asleep by a sneak attack as we were in 1941. The American people today are prepared to fight the Soviet Union if they must, but I think that the Korean fighting may deter Russia from attacking anyone else in the world, including America, because the Russians now know that we are not afraid to fight Communism.

Patterns

ELLEN RHODE

Rhetoric 101, Theme 11

WHY DID I DO IT? HOW DID I GET INTO THIS? THESE are questions we ask ourselves many times. I know why I did it and I know how I got into it. There was a war on and I asked for a military leave from my civilian occupation.

I was one of fourteen women who stepped from the troop train at Camp Stoneman, California. This was our final move until our orders came for service outside the continental United States. At this camp we were to have our first real taste of regular military life.

The officer who met us gave us the information that our baggage would be taken to our barracks, but that the business at hand was that of getting our army issue. He also informed us that we would march to the quartermaster store. I was glad to stretch my legs after the five-day train trip from Washington, D. C., but I didn't think they needed to be stretched to the extent of walking two miles to and two miles from the store. The issue consisted of an army blanket, a mattress cover, a bed roll which was some four feet long and thirty-six to thirty-eight inches in diameter, a gas mask, a steel helmet, and the customary army eating utensils. As the officer and two enlisted men began instructing us on loading up, we realized we were expected to carry all of this equipment to our barracks. We were under army jurisdiction and it appeared we would be treated like all other army personnel and not favored because we were women.

The time had come.

We were told that the hour of embarkation would be early. At 4:30 a.m., looking much like walking charm bracelets, we marched four blocks to the truck which was to take us forty miles to the port. Finding enough sitting space on the boards which had been placed along the sides of the truck was very much like finding enough space on the bleachers at a basketball game in Huff Gym at the University of Illinois.

On an empty stomach it is not especially pleasant to begin a day with a 4:30 a.m. forty-mile truck ride, a one-half mile walk, and a two-hour wait in line for inspection. The mere fact that a part of a convoy was composed of women was no reason for changing the custom of having breakfast after checking in at the docks.

* * *

As the fighting front moved farther and farther away from the Hawaiian Islands, it became evident that women who wanted to have an active part would have to take a forward assignment. The proverb "ask and thou shalt receive" proved to be true, especially when one asked the military for an assignment offering more inconveniences.

Women were warned of the adjustments which would have to be made if they were to go forward. We were told nothing would be done for us that was not done for the troops as a whole. We were warned that our living quarters would not be the usual army barracks with electric lights and running water, but tents with all outside conveniences; that there would be a scarcity of food; that there would be a great scarcity of water for bathing and washing clothes; that although there would be some electricity, it would not be of sufficient voltage for the use of an iron; that once away from the Hawaiian Islands we might not be back in real civilization for many months; that the weather would be hot and humid; and that we would be confined not only to a small island but most probably to our own working area throughout the day and to our own tent area for the remainder of the time.

Three of us from the original group asked for a forward assignment.

We were to be transported by air to the island of Saipan. The plane carried hundreds of pounds of A-1 priority medical supplies, the regular crew, seven servicemen, and three servicewomen. We boarded the plane at one in the morning. After a few hours we began to think of getting some rest. This was another time when we fully realized that we were just more army personnel and would be treated as such. There were no beds or cots, and our manner of sleeping was most strange. The first person lay flat on the belly of the plane; a second person lay flat, placing his head on the stomach of the first person; and a third person lay flat, placing his head on the stomach of the second person, and so on. This manner of sleeping provided a pillow for all but the first down, and also zigzagged us through the plane around the medical supplies.

We did find our living quarters to be a tent, barren of everything but mice, lizards, and four cots. When we inquired as to where we would put our

clothing, which at home is put in dresser drawers, we were informed that there was a junk pile down the road some three or four blocks and that we might be able to obtain some orange crates from which we could build dressers. We were told that the army furnished only tents and cots for the servicemen and that anything else we might have was entirely up to us. We found that the army would be glad to supply us with hammers, saws, and nails. In fact, they would be glad to supply us with everything but the know-how. Several empty trucks passed us as we carried the empty crates back from the junk heap, but no assistance was offered.

Our mess hall was another place where we had it impressed upon us that we could expect regular army treatment. There was a scarcity of certain foods. I can remember the first morning we had the good fortune to have bacon for breakfast. I caught the odor as I came in the door and immediately the day looked brighter. This brightness was not to last. All food for a table was put on at the same time, and it was with much surprise that I watched the first people served take the whole of the platter of bacon. I found that most of the mess hall companions operated under the system "first come, first served." This was true not only when we had bacon, but when we had fruit or other scarce items. It was customary to place the fruit on the plate, and if we were a little late we could expect our fruit to be gone.

The island of Saipan is about four miles wide and sixteen miles long, located between the Equator and the Tropic of Cancer in the Pacific Ocean. This gives the impression there would be a bountiful supply of water. Our water came from a big tank which had been placed on top of our shower-utility building. At rather infrequent intervals a serviceman would refill the tank. We found we were to be allotted one bucketful for the purpose of washing our clothes and one bucketful for rinsing our clothes. The custom was for two people to draw numbers. The one holding the first number would wash and rinse her clothes first; the next time water was available, the one holding the second number was first.

The lack of water was also felt in the bathing line. The rule, and it was very rigidly enforced, was to step under the cold, salty shower, get wet, turn off the shower, soap up, and then rinse. If, while we were soaping up, someone used the remainder of the water we did the next best, simply wiped off the soap.

While life was quite difficult and unpleasant under conditions such as I have described, I look back and realize that it was a great experience. It is true we did march when it seemed transportation was available for riding; we did wear unwashed and unironed clothes when with a little ingenuity there might have been more water and electricity available; and we did live in tents which leaked and were infested with mice and lizards. Yet, these were the same conditions under which the servicemen lived, and the army did nothing for the servicewomen that it could not do for the servicemen.

The Little Present

SANDRA SCHWARTZ

Rhetoric 102, Theme 2

THE FIRST BOY WHO EVER STIRRED THE FLAMES OF puppy-love in my childish heart labored under the improbable name of Blackwell Webly Glough. My family and I lived, at the time, on the second floor of one of the numerous three flat buildings which make up so much of the residential areas of Chicago. Blackwell's family lived on the third, and it was the very proximity of our apartments which made us such good friends.

Blackwell and I were inseparable. We'd walk to school together every day, and in the afternoons we'd fly across the Himalayan Hump with Terry and the Pirates and chase villainous diamond thieves with Captain Midnight, Ichabod Crane, and Joyce. Television was still in the experimental stage, Kukla and Ollie were still half-formed ideas in Burr Tillstrom's head, and Howdy Doody was as yet unborn. As a matter of fact, I think we would have laughed these sissified puppets right out of existence.

We were almost always together in the evenings, too, either playing in the Glough's big sun-room or pretending we were sailors in the bunk beds in Blackwell's nautical bedroom.

Another very good reason for our close friendship, I think, was the fact that Blackwell fancied himself quite a comedian and I was an excellent audience. He'd entertain me by the hour with jokes, funny stories, and imitations. His best imitation was that of a drunk. He'd roll his eyes, slur his words, stagger around the room, and I'd go off into gales of hysterical laughter. As both of Blackwell's parents were heavy drinkers, I have no doubt that he got his material first hand. When the "mean kids" at the end of the block would pick on me, Blackwell would get on his big blue tricycle and scare them away, for he was a very big boy for his age.

Every Saturday afternoon we'd walk to the local movie theatre and munch our way through the double feature. In the fall of 1940 Blackwell and I went campaigning for President Roosevelt. We made big "Roosevelt for President" signs with white poster board and red and blue crayons. We walked around the block three times, chanting "Roosevelt for President." When the war started, we collected scrap iron and newspapers from all the housewives in the neighborhood. Yes, Blackwell was my friend, confidant, and protector.

One day, Hugh Webley Glough, who had made quite a bit of money selling insurance, announced to the residents of our building that he had tired of our middle class neighborhood and was moving himself and his family to an elevator building on Lake Shore Drive. I was crushed. After the initial shock had passed, I realized the date for the moving had been set

so far in the future that it would be a long, long time before the Gloughs moved away. But before Blackwell and I knew it, the fatal day was upon us. A big, red moving van pulled up into the alley behind the house, and men began loading up the Glough's furniture. I ran downstairs to watch and I saw Blackwell leaning dejectedly on the side of the garage wall. We had quarreled a few days earlier about the possession of a tin can which Blackwell had found in an empty lot, and things were a little strained between us. After a few moments of conversation the strangeness passed, and Blackwell vowed fervently to come and visit me as often as possible. I was inconsolable. All at once he looked at me in a determined way.

"I've got a little present for you."

I looked at him in a strange manner, for he wasn't carrying any packages, and I didn't see any bulges in his pockets.

"It's not in package form."

The truth slowly began to dawn on me. Blackwell led me behind the garage and told me to close my eyes. I did. All at once he planted a big wet kiss on my cheek and, overcome with embarrassment, he ran into the moving van. I was in a state of ecstatic bliss. After the moving van had left, I walked slowly upstairs, holding the spot on my cheek that Blackwell Webly Glough had kissed.

The First Lesson

JUDY GARR

Rhetoric 102, Theme 12

I HAD HAD FOUR PIANO TEACHERS IN SIX YEARS AND, AS I stood before the door marked Lucille Gould and Associates, I had no reason to believe that she would be different from the others. Each had been a human metronome with a mind that seemed tuned to three-quarter time. Yet, Miss Gould had been recommended to me very highly. I was naive enough to think that was sufficient. Actually, I was more in need of high recommendations than she.

A low-pitched voice answered my knock and I opened the door. The ordinary "studio" of a piano teacher is drab at its best. A piano, a few hard chairs and, perhaps, a table compose the furnishings which seem awkward in the dim, gray rooms. However, the room I entered that day was not an ordinary "studio." It was very large, yet the warm brown walls, the flowered draperies, and the beige carpeting made the room seem intimate. Several comfortable-looking arm chairs were arranged in informal groupings around the piano. Three huge surrealist canvasses broke the monotony of the walls and added to the riot of color created by the many vases filled with fresh flowers.

My eyes roamed over the entire room and were beginning a second voyage before I saw her.

Lucille Gould was sitting in an easy chair, very still and relaxed. Short and rather plump, she looked like the jovial innkeeper in an English novel . . . from a distance. This impression was dispelled as we sat and talked. Her small, triangular mouth shaped each syllable precisely and energetically. Although her words darted vigorously about, Lucille Gould's eyes poured a steady stream of searching light into my own. Her eyes were small and black. They were the eyes of a caged animal. Her hands, heavily veined and sinewy, were still in her lap. They never gestured or moved except to adjust a strand of black hair that fell out of place as she tossed her head. Both face and body were calm except for those burning eyes.

I found myself speaking frankly and rather profusely to this woman who had been a complete stranger short moments before. Sensing that her standards were high, I apologized for my faulty work.

"My dear," she said, "do you know the difference between the black and the white keys?" I nodded. Her eyes twinkled as she said, "Then you show great promise." As we continued to speak, I noticed that she quoted Shakespeare freely. Soon she had recommended three or four books to me and had written their titles on a card in a bold, free-flowing hand.

Abruptly, with a hasty, practised movement, Miss Gould reached behind her chair, extracted a crutch and limped toward the piano. Amazement must have lighted my face as I first noticed her club foot. The strong masculine hands were now explained. I could see that her body was not merely plump, but deformed. Her figure was well camouflaged by the expensive, tailored suit she wore. The only time I ever heard Miss Gould refer to her deformity was many months later when I complained of my self-consciousness when appearing before an audience.

"My dear," she admonished, "always walk before them proudly. You are able to, you know." I have never complained since.

For an hour she played beautiful, rambling melodies with a virtuosity that the concert stage would have eagerly acclaimed. Then I stumbled over a few selections and nervously awaited her criticism.

"Promise me you'll work," she said. "You are sorely in need of it." I did.

I left the Gould studio reluctantly that day and the many days that followed. Miss Gould taught me many things, the least of which was piano playing. I learned music, true, but I learned to hear its joys and sorrows, to listen to its heartbeat. Perhaps the most important thing I learned was humility.

Rhet as Writ

Seldom does the "clothes borrower" return the item the same way she obtained it.

* * *

Once dope gets started in these teen-age clubs, sex life goes on a boom, and so does the joining of new members.

* * *

I suppose the works of Shakespeare, Keats, and Tolstoy would be far superior, and more immortal had there been the typewriter or the printing press.

* * *

I met Sally in the first grade of Lawson Aliementary School.

* * *

The boat is usually packed with excited tourists and screaming children who clutch eagerly at the rail and gaze down into the green, splashing water littered with the floating remains of previous tourists.

* * *

The most common reason for a divorce is unhappy marriage.

* * *

If parents would think before they have children there would be less gamblers and outlaws.

* * *

The student who is working under the influence of a boss or a supervisor learns to coup with the ups and downs that exist in the human world.

* * *

This Full-back, tho' married, is still in good physical condition, in spite of the rigorous season just passed. The question is, will he now make the all American Team?

* * *

Every three years car manufacturers stream line thier finders a little more.

* * *

Lou Boudreau said that he would trade Williams if an exceptionally fine offer was proposed. I hoped that he would do so, for I thought that Ted's presence on the rooster did more harm than good.

* * *

This scene was repeated many times during the course of the season, always ending with the sight of wet jerseys and grass-stained pants walking off the field.